



# EVENING BULLETIN.



"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

VOLUME 1.

MAYSVILLE, TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 28, 1882.

NUMBER 84.

## THE DAILY BULLETIN.

Published every afternoon and delivered in this city, the suburbs and Aberdeen by our carriers, at **6 CENTS** a week.

It is welcomed in the households of men of both political parties, for the reason that it is more of a newspaper than a political journal.

Its wide circulation therefore makes it a valuable vehicle for business announcements, which we respectfully invite to our columns.

**Advertising Rates Low.**

Liberal discount where advertisers use both the daily and weekly. For rates apply to

**ROSSER & McCARTHY,**

Publishers.

## JOB WORK

Of all kinds neatly, promptly and cheaply done at the office of the **DAILY BULLETIN**.

### BLUEGRASS ROUTE.

#### Kentucky Central R. R.

THE MOST DESIRABLE ROUTE TO

#### CINCINNATI.

ONLY LINE RUNNING

#### FREE PARLOR CARS.

BETWEEN

#### LEXINGTON AND CINCINNATI

Time table in effect March 31, 1881.

Leave Lexington.....	7:30 a. m.	2:15 p. m.
Leave Maysville.....	5:45 a. m.	12:30 p. m.
Leave Paris.....	8:20 a. m.	3:05 p. m.
Leave Cynthia.....	8:55 a. m.	3:40 p. m.
Leave Falmouth.....	10:00 a. m.	4:36 p. m.
Arr. Cincinnati.....	11:45 a. m.	6:30 p. m.
Leave Lexington.....	4:35 p. m.	
Arrive Maysville.....	8:15 p. m.	
Free Parlor Car leave Lexington at.....	2:15 p. m.	
Free Parlor Car leave Cincinnati at.....	2:50 p. m.	

Close connection made in Cincinnati for all points North, East and West. Special rates to emigrants. Ask the agent at the above named places for a time folder of "Blue Grass Route." Round trip tickets from Maysville and Lexington to Cincinnati sold at reduced rates.

For rates on household goods and Western tickets address  
CHAS. H. HASLETT,  
Gen'l Emigration Agt., Covington, Ky.  
JAMES C. ERNST,  
Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agt.

#### TIME-TABLE

#### Covington, Flemingsburg and Pound Gap RAILROAD.

Connecting with Trains on K. C. R. R.

Leave FLEMINGSBURG for Johnson Station:	
5:45 a. m. Cincinnati Express.	
9:13 a. m. Maysville Accommodation.	
3:25 p. m. Lexington.	
7:02 p. m. Maysville Express.	

Leave JOHNSON STATION for Flemingsburg on the arrival of Trains on the K. C. R. R.:	
6:23 a. m.	1:00 p. m.
9:48 a. m.	7:37 p. m.

### NEW MARBLE YARD.

We respectfully announce to the public that we have opened a marble yard on Second street, above Yancey & Alexander's stable, and are prepared to furnish Monuments, Tomb Stones, Freestone, Pavements, and building work of all kinds, promptly on short notice.  
mar10-ly  
COOK & CLARK.

### MONUMENTS

### GRANITE AND MARBLE.

J. A. McCANN,

eng25-ly. MAYSVILLE.

#### SAMUEL J. DAUGHERTY,

MANUFACTURER OF

#### MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, &c.

SECOND ST., OPPOSITE MYALL & RILEY'S,  
MAYSVILLE, KY.

Freestone Pavements and all kinds of Building Stone on hand. Having had an experience of thirty-two years in the business, I offer my services to the public, confident of rendering satisfaction.  
jan30

### To Farmers and Shippers.

BUTTER, Eggs, Cheese, Poultry, Wild Game, Venison, Furs, Grain Apples, Potatoes, Onions, Dried Fruits, &c. Send for price lists and tags.  
J. E. PHILLIPS & CO.,  
104m 341 Greenwich Street, New York,  
General Produce Commission Merchants.

#### FRANK HAUCHE,

#### HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,

glazier, paper hanger, &c., Second street, opposite pork house. Will give prompt attention to all work in my line, and ask but a reasonable price.  
mar24.

#### Level-Headed Oscar.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Who is this man with the long, thin legs, the stooping shoulders and the yellow flowing hair? His name is Oscar Wilde. One day when the superintendent of a lunatic asylum was on a hunting expedition in London he picked up Oscar and took him before a magistrate who asked him his name.

"By the misty eyelids of the sleepy moon I cannot tell you," answered the prisoner. "Mamma would not like it."

From that moment he became famous. For breakfast he sips the dew from the honeysuckles, and his dinner consists of roast lily bugs flavored with lavender water. Half a dozen sachet-bags and ten trunks constitute his baggage.

The trunks contain locks of hair which he purchased cheap at a Surrey ropewalk. No fashionable American girl will be long without one. His soul yearns after sunflowers. Give him his choice between a sunflower and a greenback and he will take the greenback. In Chicago he is destined to be most popular—his feet are so large. When he returns to his native land loaded with rock his "mamma" will say to him:

"Oskie, the fortunes of the family are much improved. I want a new sealskin saque and a dog cart." But the lilly worshipper will depart from her saying.

"Well, I should smile. What does the old woman take me for?"

After that, no Englishman will eat more beef with his lillies, or drink more beer with his sunflowers than Oscar.

#### No Women at the White House.

N. Y. Press.

The ushrrs at the White House say that they are very glad that there is no lady living there. They liked Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. Garfield well enough, but they were bothered by office-seekers who went to obtain the influence of the President's wife. Mrs. Hayes received almost as many applications for office as her husband, and finally a kind-hearted door keeper opened the letters he knew were from applicants for place in order to save Mrs. Hayes annoyance and real grief. Often and often again the usher would offer to get rid of a horde of hungry applicants for whom she could do nothing. Mrs. Hayes always very grateful for the promised relief, but she was always careful to impress upon the usher the necessity of not offending the people to whom she was refused. Mrs. Garfield was of sterner stuff. She was not annoyed so often, for Mrs. Hayes was really looked upon by a large number of people as the head of the family, but she was annoyed a good deal more than she should have been. She did not hesitate to dismiss them very summarily, however, simply telling the usher: "No; no, I cannot see these people, and I will not." The fact that there is no lady at the White House not only relieves the ushers and doorkeepers of these calls for office, but of a great number of other little duties.

"Sir," began a creditor, who met one of his victims on Grand River street yesterday. "I sent you a bill in June." "Yes, sir." "And again in September." "Yes, sir." "And again in December?" "Yes, sir." "And presume you received one the other day?" "I did sir." "Well, sir,—well, sir?" flustered the creditor. "Well, you needn't feel so stuck-up over it," replied the other, as he lighted a twenty cent cigar, "there are firms in this town who send me bills every two weeks in the year, and they never stop me on the street to brag about it, either! I detest such egotism, sir! Good morning!"

Tommy was a little rogue, whom his mother had hard work to manage. Their house in the country was raised a few feet from the ground, and Tommy, to escape a well-deserved whipping, ran from his mother and crept under the house. Presently the father came home, and hearing where the boy had taken refuge, crept under to bring him out. As he approached on his hands and knees, Tommy asked, "Is she after you too?"—Baptist Weekly.

#### A Barracks Baby.

Washington Cor, Cincinnati Commercial.

Mrs. Sergeant Mason made her appearance in the court room for the first time this morning. She sat down by the stove and held her baby on her lap. Here the junior Mason stretched out his limbs toward the heat and occasionally crooned out a note of satisfaction. Mrs. Mason was attired in black, wearing a black straw hat adorned on the side with a white rose and wound around with a voluminous blue veil.

It has been noticeable that about two-thirds of the people from the outside world, whose curiosity has attracted them to the court-room, have been ladies. These ladies have always stopped in the ante-room to dandle Mason's baby. As a rule they have appeared to have much sympathy with Mason and his wife. Recently a party of ladies richly dressed, after leaving the court-room, stopped to fondle the baby, and before they left held a consultation, which resulted in the leader of the party secretly handing to Mrs. Mason a package supposed to contain substantial evidence of their sympathy. The babe, which is the object of much attention, was born in the barracks fifteen months ago.

#### The Secret of Genius.

"They talk," said Tom Marshall to an intimate friend, "of my astonishing burst of eloquence, and doubtless imagine it is my genius bubbling over. It is nothing of the sort. I'll tell you how I do it:

"I select a subject, and study it from the ground up. When I have mastered it fully, I write a speech on it. Then I take a walk, and come back and revise and correct. In a few days I subject it to another pruning, and then recopy it. Next I add the finishing touches, round it off with graceful periods, and commit it to memory. Then I speak it in the fields, in my father's lawn and before my mirror, until gesture and delivery are perfect. It sometimes takes me six weeks or two months to get up a speech. When I have one prepared, I come to town. I generally select a court day, when there is sure to be a crowd. I am called on for a speech and am permitted to select my own subject. I speak my piece. It astonishes the people, as I intended it should, and they go away marveling at my power of oratory. They call it genius, but it is the hardest kind of work."

The postoffice existed in America from its earliest settlement. At the beginning it was merely a receptacle in the coffee house. There letters that arrived from abroad were deposited, and then taken by those to whom they were addressed, or delivered by neighbors. In the records of the General Court of Massachusetts for 1639 we find that notice "be given that Richard Fairbanks, his house in Boston, the place appointed for all letters which are brought beyond the seas, or are to be sent thither, to be left with him; and he is to take care that they are to be delivered or sent according to the directions, and he is allowed for every letter a penny; and must answer all miscarriages through his own neglect in this kind."

Casper Mueth, an old German farmer about sixty-five years of age, residing at Padderborn, or Prairie Du Long, about twelve south of Belleville, Mo., died from injuries received from a vicious ram. The old man one morning went out to the barn premises to feed the stock. The ram attacked Mueth as soon as he entered the barnyard, and butting him in the stomach knocked him to the ground. The ram continued his butting until the old man was unconscious and nearly dead, when he was rescued by members of the family. He was taken to the house and a physician called, but his injuries were of such a character that they proved fatal.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Gallagher, "it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh. I laughed till I cried." And, then, as he saw a smile go round the room, he grew red in the face, and went away mad.